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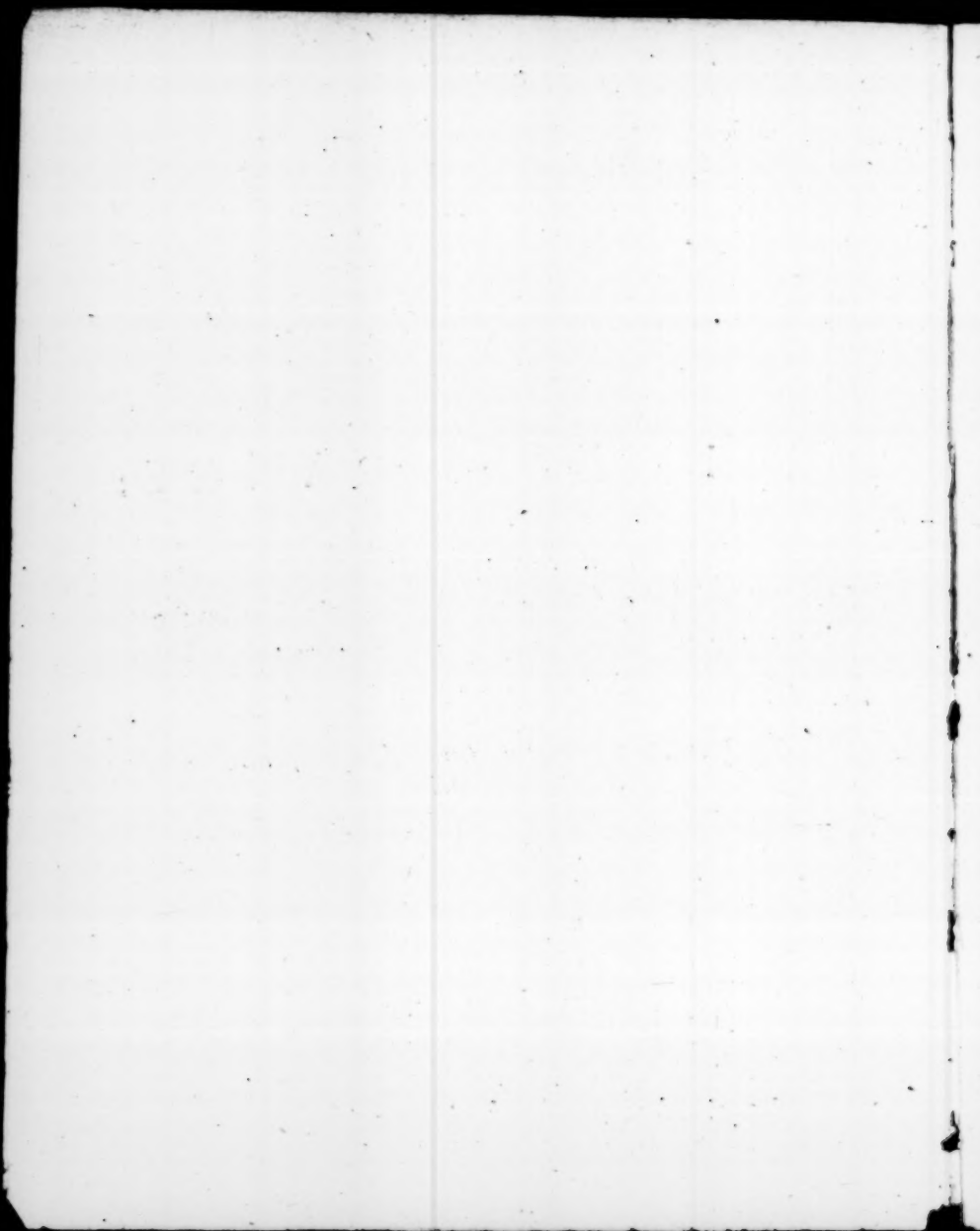
C O N T A I N I N G

Several Proposals, and Overtures of Agreement, betwixt the
Church of *England*, and the Church of *Rome*.

*Translated out of Latin, for the benefit of all
true Protestants.*



Re-printed at *Edinburgh*, Anno 1689.



*A LETTER from his Holiness the POPE of Rome,
to his Highness the PRINCE of ORANGE.*

Great PRINCE,

Although the *Semi-Circle* of Your *Highness* be (at present) Elivate above the full *Orb* of my *Holiness*, I Conjure you by *Bell, Book, and Canale*, seriously to consider your Proceedings against me, and my Catholick Church; which (as a Lilly among Thorns) Ilately Planted in *England and Scotland*; and you (to the great grief of all the Members of my Sacred Conclave, and Zealous Favourites of my Spiritual Court) have almost rooted up. Call to mind and tremble at my Great Power, Prudence, and Supremacy; and that I am *God up-on Earth*, Seventy Seven times greater than the greatest Emperor in the World. Remember what I have done to mighty Monarchs, Kings, and Puissant Princes, whose Glory and high Looks I have laid in the Dust, till they have willingly submitted their stubborn Necks to my Iron Yoak, and humbly bowed their Heads to salute my holy Feet. Did not my Predecessor Pope *Gregory* the 7th. (who Poisoned Nine Popes, in Thirteen Years space, to make way for himself to the *Pope-dome*) for want of due Worship and Honour, Excommunicate and Depose the Emperor *Henry*, both from his Crown and Empire; Discharge all his Subje^c, of their Allegiance, and give his Crown to *Rodolphus* Duke of *Sweevia*? till he, with his Empr^{ess} and young Son, cloath'd in Sack-cloath, came bare Foot, in the cold of Winter, and begg'd Pardon three days, without Access, at his Sumptuous Gates. Did not Pope *Pascal* the 2^d. stir up *Henry* the 5th. to rebel against his Old Father the Emperor? who by the assistance of his *Holiness*) beat him from his Empire; so that he lived and

dy'd miserable, and lay five Years above ground, without burying, at the Pope's command. Did not Pope *Alexander* the 3^d. put his Foot upon the Emperor *Frederick's* Neck, and tread upon him as he had been a Dog? Did not Pope *Celestine* the 3^d. Crown the Emperor *Henry* the 6th. and his Empress *Constantina* with his Feet? and (throwing off the Crowns with his Toe) say, *I have Power to make and unmake Kings and Emperors?* Did not *Adrian* the 4th. fall out with the Emperor *Frederick*, for holding his wrong Stirrup? and would not Crown him for three days, till he begg'd his Holiness pardon. Did not *Clement* the 5th. cause his Hangman to take *Francis Dandalus* a *Venetian* Duke, bind him with Chains, and throw him under his Table, to gnaw Bones with his Dogs? Did not *Innocent* the 4th. call *Henry* the 3^d. King of *England*, his Vassal, Slave, and Page; whom (at pleasure) he might Imprison, and put to open shame? Did not Pope *Benedict* the 9th. send to *France*, the two Sons of *Charlemain*, with their Mother *Birtha*, the Widow Queen? who humbly brought them to his Holiness to be Crown'd; where, (with the poor King of *Lombardy*, and his Wife and Children) they were kept in Prison, till the day of their death; for disobliging their Uncle, the Emperor *Charles*, the Pope's special Friend, and great Favourite. The Cries of poor Widows and Orphans, I value no more than the cackling of Hens. Blood and Wounds are my daily Delight. Murthers, Battles, Treasons, Conspiracies, and the turning of Kingdoms up side down, are to me but ordinary Recreations, and May-Games. With my Tail or Cynosure, I drew the Stars of Heaven backwards, and throw them to the Earth. I bewitch the World with Signs and lying Wonders, and perswade people out of their Senses; to believe that I can Make, Worship, and Eat, an Immortal Deity, of ordinary Bread. How many Princes have I poysoned in my Sacrament? which my Emissaries have Transubstantiate into a Devil, rather than a God. How many Kingdoms have I ruin'd? How many Common-wealths have I overturned? How many Cities have I razed? And how many Millions of Christians have I sacrificed to my vindictive Power and Greatness? And dare
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you Cope with me? Remember what I did to *John King of England*, whom my holy Monk *Stephan* poisoned in *Lincoln-shire*. Come then to me in a humble manner, as to God's *Deput*, Christ's *Vicar*, and St. *Peter's Succesor*, and restore all my Church-Lands, which my Ancestors have (for several Generations) purloined from Kings and Princes, for the sanctified Use of the holy Chair; and swear fealty to me, as to your *Supream-Head*, and *holy Father*; and I will be reconciled to you and all *English-Men*. Yea, (tho' *Peter King of Arragon*, willingly bought his Salvation from Pope *Innocent the 3d* at the rate of his Crown and Kingdom,) I will freely pardon you all your Sins, past, present, and to come. And for your unruly Rabble; (that indigested lump of Ignorance, and percipitancy) I will have compassion on them, and send them as many old uselesse *Merits*, and *Works of Supererogation*, as would laden a *Spanish Armado*; which will send them (in a perpendicular line) to Heaven, without touching at *Purgatory*. And (to ingratiate my self further in the Kingdom of *England's Favour*) I will Licentiate your Ladies of pleasure in *London*, and all Females in general there, to Whore, pick pockets, for a *Julio* or *Six pence* a week: which is no more than my own Order of *Harlots* pay at *Rome*, and all *Italy* over. And to all Men within the Walls of *London*, and *Westminster*, I will freely give Liberty to be as intimate with their Neighbours Wives, as ever Pope *Hildebrand* was with *Matilda*, the Marquess of *East's Lady*: Or Pope *Alexander the 6th*. was with his own Daughter *Lucretia*. And (in one Word) I will let the Inhabitants of the whole Isle of *Britain* fulfil their Hearts desire, in all kind of Villanies and Abominations, without sinning. For (as *Bellarmin*. tells you,) I can make that which is Sin, no Sin; and that which is no Sin, Sin. But if you will not submit your self, nor humble your *Highbness* to my *Holyness*; then will I cloath my self with cursing, and take the Thunderbolt of Excommunication in my mouth, with the Sword of *Supremacy*, I will cut asunder the Cords of Unity, and with the breath of my mouth, will I dissipate the peace of all Nations. I will incense my *Rebellious first born*, His most *Christian*

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Majesty of FRANCE, to invade your Territories, burn your Cities, put your Males to the edge of the Sword, and rip up your Women with Child, without pitty or compassion; as he lately served your *Tribe* in his own Kingdom: And as I once served the *Waldenses* and *Albigenses*. I will privately contrive your overthrow, by my desperate *Jesuites*, *Monks*, and *Friers*; whom I will after Death Canonize, for Murther, Mischief, and Conspiracy. I will found an *Order* of Irish *Cut-Throats*, (men mighty for Mischief) who will divide the Wind-pipes of all Protestants, and substract breath from their whole Bodies. They shall dig as deep as Purgatory for the Contrivance of a new Gun powder Treason; and make a Covenant with Hell, for your Destruction. And (if I can bring my projects to a period) I will hold a Spiritual Court in *Smith field*, and decide all Controversies with Fire and Faggot; till I level the Nation with the Dust, and make the *Isle of great Britain* acknowledge me for their Superiour. Finally, I cannot but resent your Deportment towards my *Niece*, your Glorious, Queen, who left *England* without bidding Farewill to her favourites; only taking along with her the *Prince of Wales*, whom you term *her supposed Son*. But it is an *Hyperbole*, beyond the Conception of Humanity, that a *King*, pretending to so much Reason, Religion and Piety, should Praise, (or rather mock) God for a Child, whilst his Queen had onely conceived a Pillow, and was brought to Bed of a Cushion, to Cheat his Subjects of their Ancient and Royal Line, and his own Posterity of their Crowns and Kingdoms. This was the old contrivance of another *Mary-Queen*; but *Philip* was more a man than to own the Brat of Sophistry, and Father the Impudence of so villanous a Fact. But let the Production be what it will, Real or Imaginary, my Singing of *Te Deum* in *St Mary's Church in Rome*, is enough both to Naturalize and Legitimate it Lawful *Prince of Wales*, and Apparent Heir to the Crowns of Three Kingdoms. I have sent you this Letter by *Guido Faux*, the Younger; whose Brains are big of a *Gun-Powder Plot*: therefore (as you love your Life and Well-being) honour him, with all and as much Respects as it were *my Self*. Father *Peter* Saluteth you with
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my whole Consistory of Cardinals, and Clergy-men of my Sacred Conclave. I desire to be Remembred to Titus Oats, and Samuel Johnson, If the Tide turn, I will talk with them, and reward them, according to their Fidelity. Thus expecting a speedy Answer, before I proceed any further, in my great Designs I continue

Written from my Court at Rome,
Frid. Calend. Jan. 1689.

Your Humil^lal
INNOCENT.

The Church of England's Answer to the preceeding Letter.

Grand Impostor,

VV Hether you, with your Clergy, be possest with the Spirit of Error and Delusion, and cast in a Bed of Sensuality, to wallow in your own Filthiness; with your Eyes darkned, and your Ears deafened, we know not; but certainly there must be a great Myserie in your Obstinacy: For you shut your Senses (which are the Gates of your Understanding) against the clearest Evidences of Truth, Scripture, and Reason. Our learned Divines have these several years, confuted your opinions of ridiculous Nonsense, by sound Arguments, and undeniable Demonstrations; till (being wearied with your contradictions) Grooms, Pages, and Porters began to discover your Nakedness, in your Ignorance and Superstition; and by writing against you to convince you of your Foolries, Fopperies, and Chimerical Fancies. Yet for all this, are you not ashamed of your Abominations and Filthiness, Thus (since you shut your Ears against the word of manifest Truth, and the Kingdom of Heaven, against the whole World, denying the principles of sure and unquestionable Faith) we desire none of your Converse; for there can be no Fellowship betwixt Light and Darkeness, nor between God and Belial: for they that
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are wilfully filthy, will be filthy still; neither can we send you any answer, fitter than that the *Grecian Church* sent to Pope *Jobn 23.* when he wrot to them to bow and submit to him as to their *Terrestrial God and Infalible Supream: We do assuredly, (said they) acknowledge your high Power over your Subjects, but we cannot abide your high Pride, we cannot quench your greedy Covetousness: The Devil is with you, but God is with us.* Thus (with the Eastern Churches) we must leave you, and let you alone: Yet with the Prophet will we wail over you, and cry out, *We would have Healed Babylon, But she is not Healed.* Remember what the Lord saith, *Isaiah 50 11. Behold all ye that Kindle a Fire, that compass your selves about with Sparks: Walk in the Light of your Fire, and in the Sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of mine hand, ye shall ly down in Sorrow.* Thus (not Fearing your Power, Curses, nor Thunder-bolts of Excommunication, nor all the Train of your Infernal Court, whilst God is with us,) we continue still stedfast in that Faith, whereof *Christ Jesus* is both the Foundation and chief Corner Stone; who is able to preserve and present us spottless, before the Throne of his Grace, with exceeding great joy. To whom, with the *Father* and *Holy-Ghost*, be ascribed Glory, Honour, and Praise; with Dominion, Majesty, and Power; World without end, *Amen.*

London, Jan. 6th. 1689.